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# NBC

## ADVERTISER

## WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

EPISODE NO. 201 OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

- BLUE

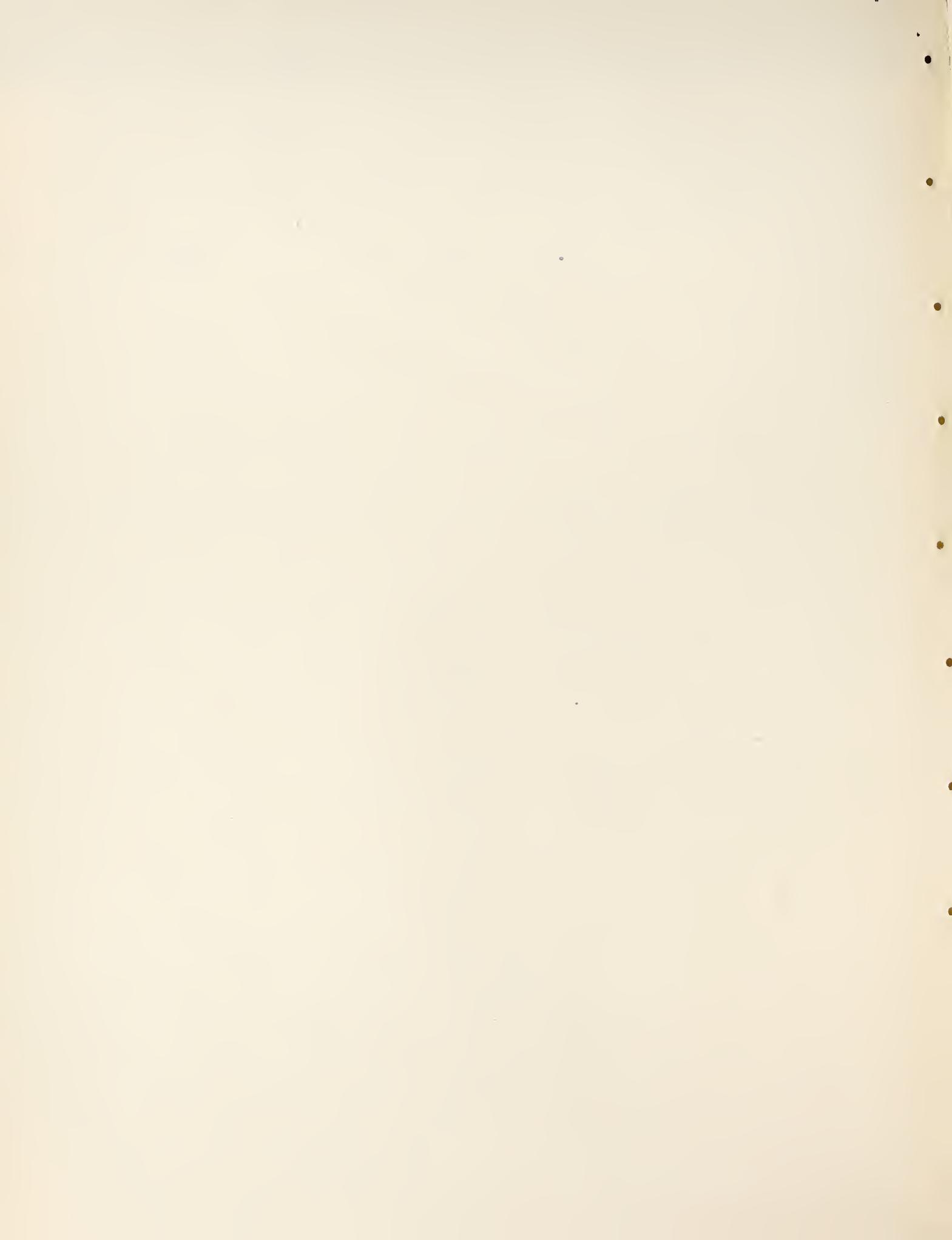
( TIME  
12:30 - 1:00 )( DATE  
JUNE 5, 1936 )( DAY  
FRIDAY )

## PRODUCTION

## ANNOUNCER

## ENGINEER

## REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

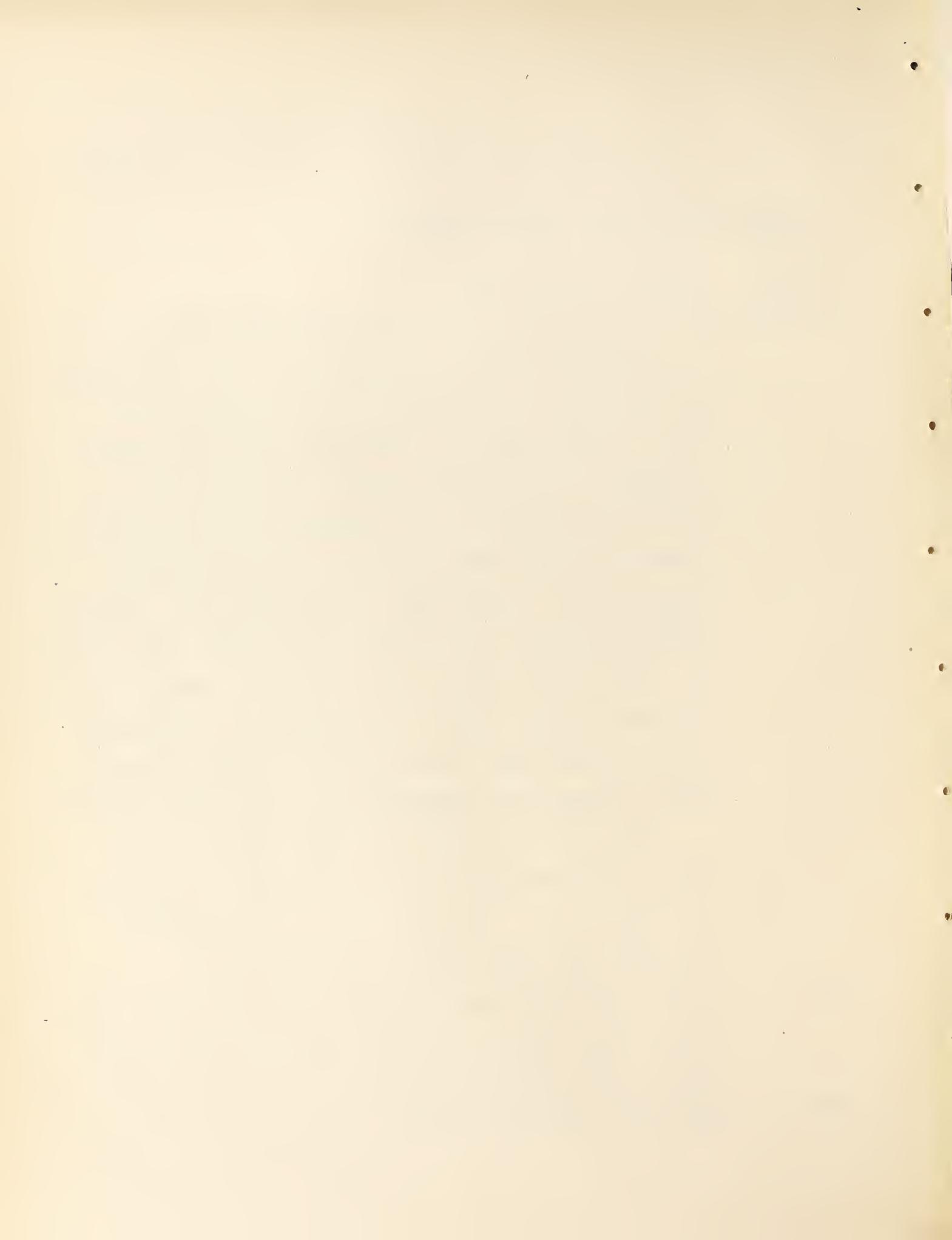
ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: Rayburn Sona

ANNOUNCER: Here we go, folks, to the Pine Cone Ranger Station where our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins is on the job managing and protecting the resources of the National Forest. Under a system known as "sustained yield," the timber resources of our National Forests are managed for continuous production; the harvesting of mature timber is allowed, but only under conditions which provide for future growth of more timber on the same land. The same principles apply to the forage on the ranges, the wildlife, the recreational values, and to all other resources of the National Forests, and all are coordinated in management plans by Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers that will maintain these resources for continuing use in the public interest.

Well, up at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today, Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are about to start out for a little trouble-shooting work up on the sheep range. Here they are ---

JIM: I guess we'd better get along if we're goin' up to that sheep range, Jerry. I told Wilson, last night when he phoned, that we'd be up today.

JERRY: What's the trouble up there?



JIM: Wilson says some other sheep herder has run his Woolies in on his range allotment and they're having a squabble over where the line oughta be. (CHUCKLES) That open herding system that our grazing specialists worked out for handling sheep is okay except for one thing, Jerry.

JERRY: What's that?

JIM: It's all right for handlin' sheep, but they forgot to include any instructions for handlin' sheep herders.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) They do get tangled up once in a while, don't they?

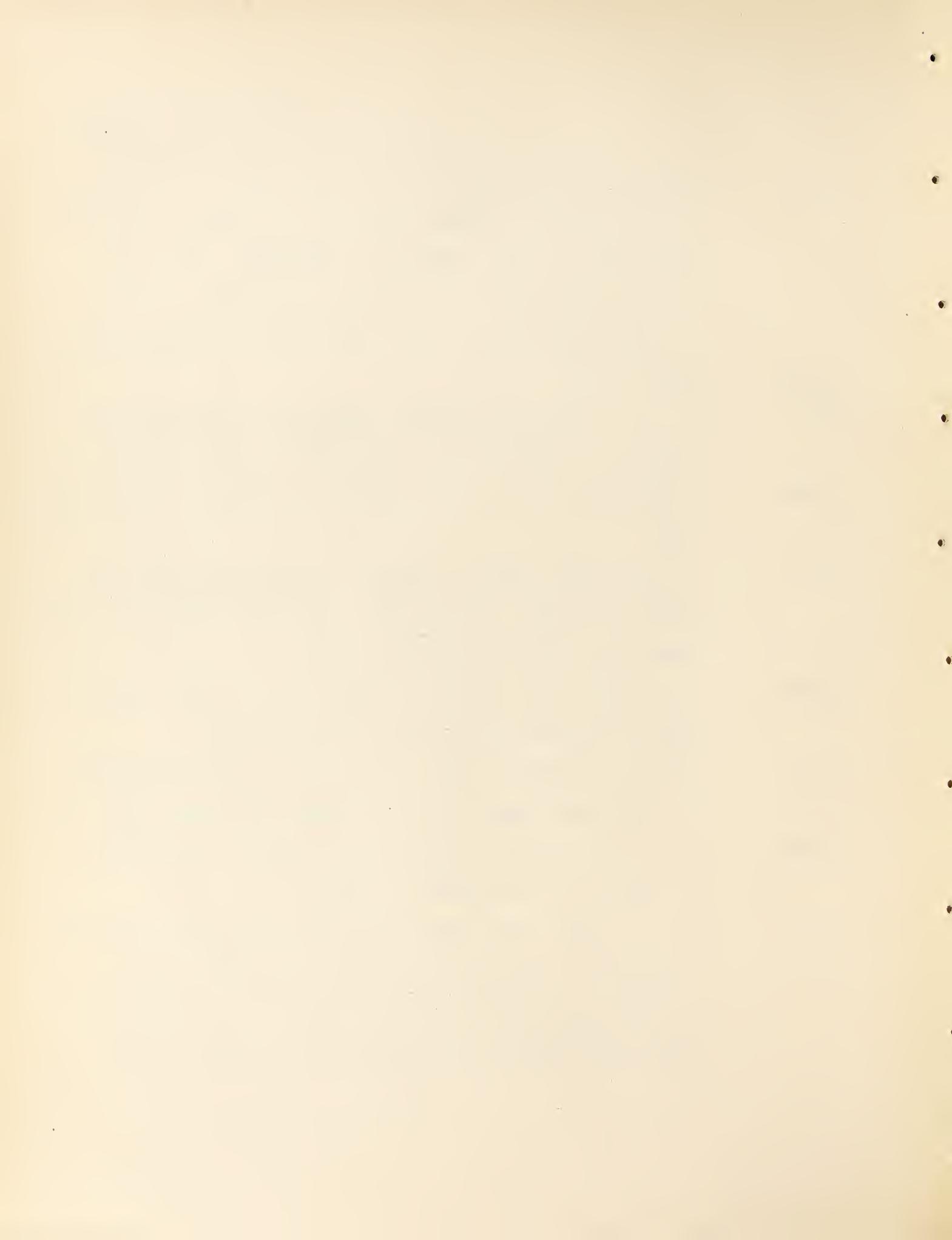
JIM: Not like they used to, though. Years ago, before the National Forests were started, range wars used to be as common as ticks on a sheep's back.

JERRY: I bet there were plenty of kicks when we first began to make the stockmen take out a grazing permit.

JIM: Some of 'em kicked about it at first, like most people do about new ideas, but it's worked out mighty good.

JERRY: All of 'em say that their sheep weigh up a lot better at the end of the season, nowadays.

JIM: That's because they have fresh range and good forage all the time. In the old days, the sheep didn't have a chance to get fat because the range was so overgrazed they had to travel about a half mile between bites.



JERRY: No wonder they got poor and skinny.

BESS: (FADING IN) Who's poor and skinny?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Nobody that eats at your table, Bess.

JERRY: We were talking about the sheep up on the range, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Maybe if I got a job as a sheep herder, I could learn a few tricks that would help me herd you men to your meals on time.

JERRY: Look out the window there. Someone just drove up to the station in a big car. There's a man getting out.

BESS: I wonder who it is?

SOUND: (OFF MIKE -- KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JERRY: (DOOR OPENS)

KYGER: (COMING UP - HIGH HAT MANNER) Can you direct me to the Bonanza Basin road?

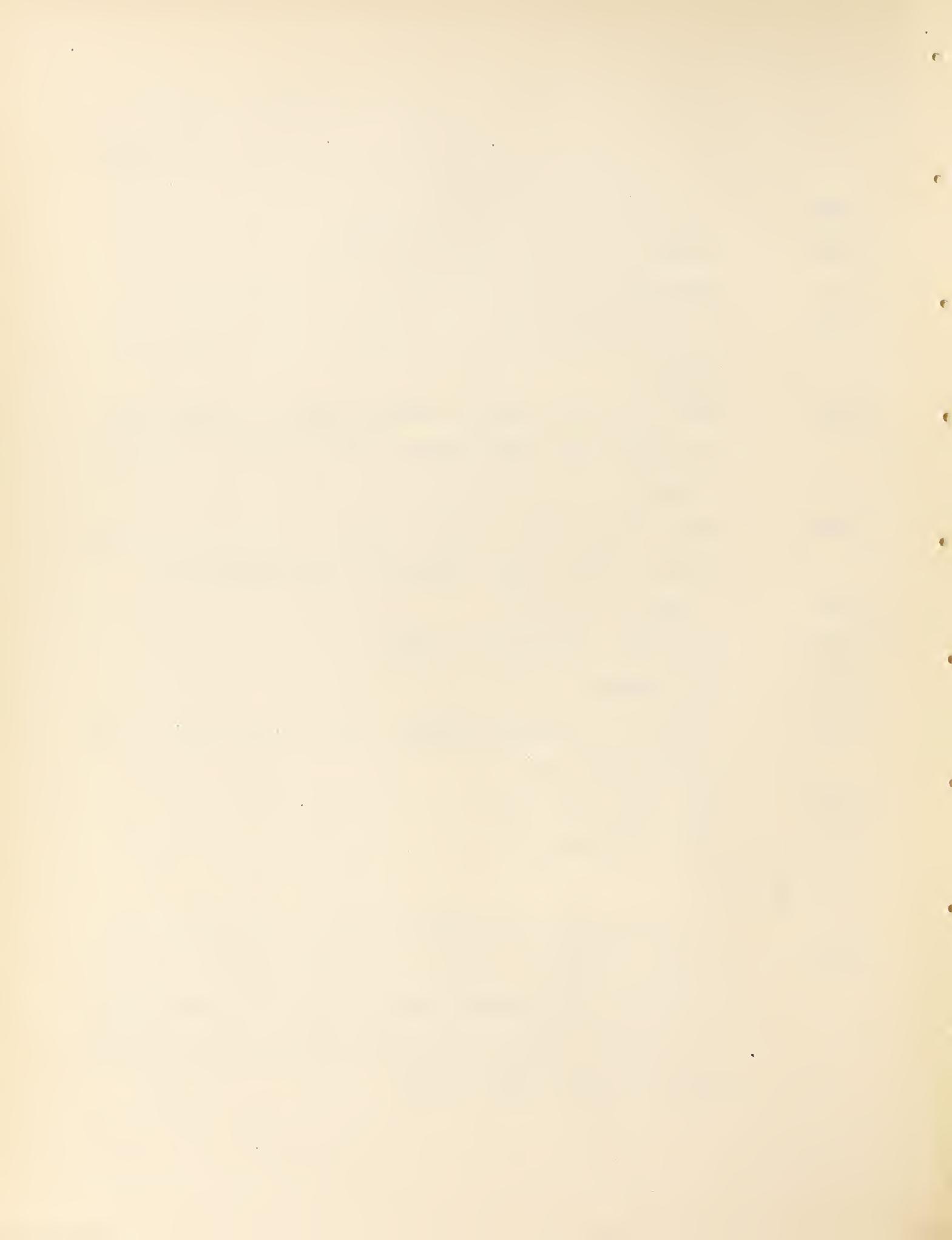
JERRY: (OFF) Yes, come in.

KYGER: (OFF) Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

JIM: I'm Jim Robbins, Forest Ranger here. Can I help you?

KYGER: My name is Wendell J. Kyger. I'd like to know if you can direct me to the Bonanza Basin -- I'm -- ah, interested in a piece of land up there. I'm looking for a suitable place to start a Dude ranch.



JIM: I see. You say your name's Kyger?

KYGER: Yes.

JIM: You don't happen to be some relation to Mr. T. Kyger  
down at the lunch room, do you?

KYGER: No. I have no living relatives. I believe I asked -- -

JIM: I was just thinkin' you looked sorta - - - Well, never  
mind! You say you're think'n of startin' a Dude Ranch  
up in the Bonanza Basin?

KYGER: Possibly. (IMPATIENTLY) If you can direct me to -- -

JIM: Ever been up there before?

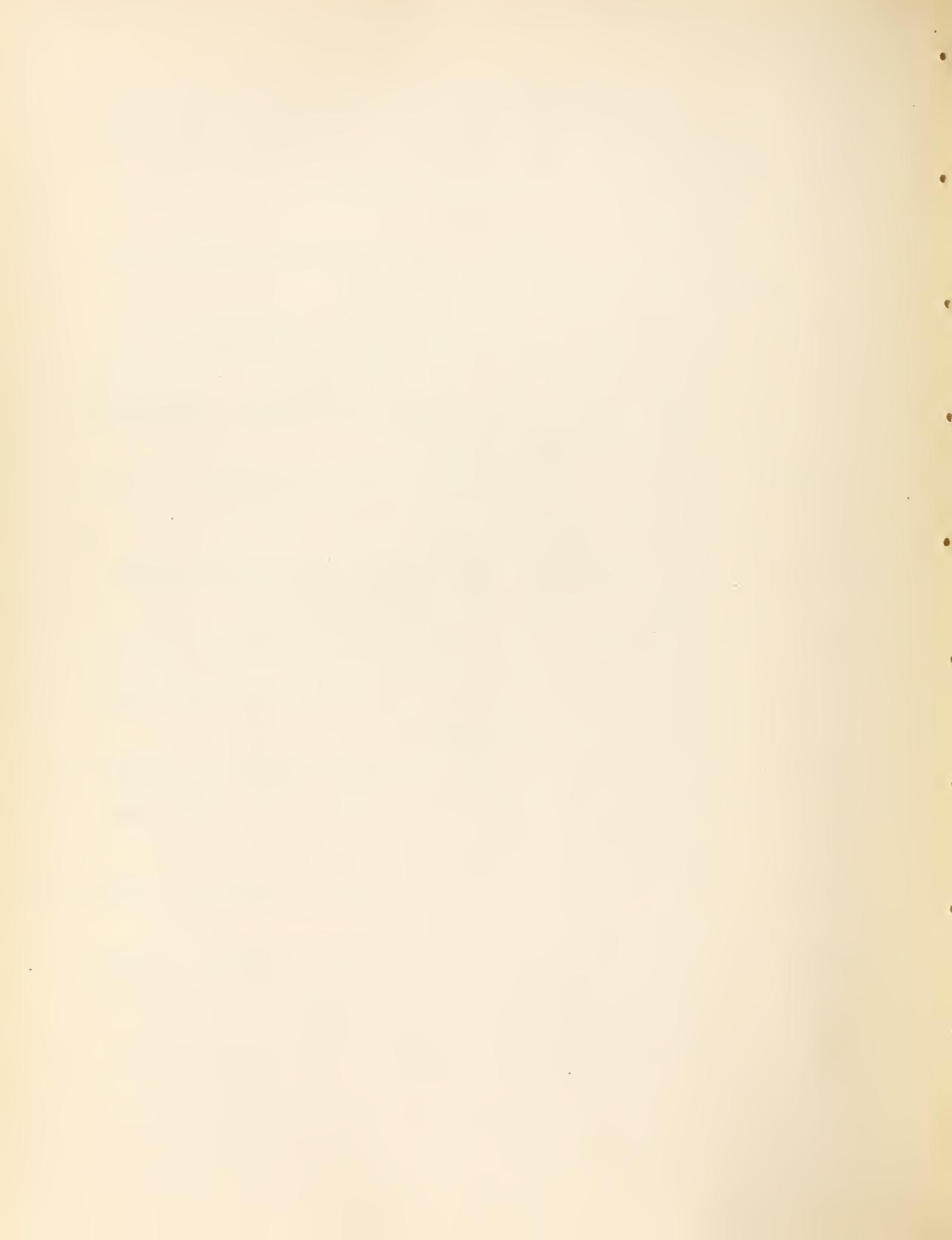
KYGER: No. (POINTEDLY) But I should like to get up there  
today, if you will be so kind as to.....

JIM: Just strikes me that sheep country up there's not so  
good for Dude ranchin'. Pretty far back, and rough as  
a pair of corduroy pants.

KYGER: I'd rather decide that for myself, thanks. I happen to  
be a mining engineer, and I know a little about back  
country conditions.

JIM: Oh, you're a mining engineer, eh? Thinkin' of prospecting  
a little too, were you?

KYGER: As I said before, I am interested in finding a location  
for a Dude ranch. If you will kindly give me the  
information I asked for....



JIM: You can't get into the Basin with a car, Mister. Only foot or horseback.

KYGER: How near can you go with a car?

JIM: It's about 12 miles from the road. There's a sheep-trail that goes within four or five miles of the Basin--over the ridge--that has been gone over with a car, but I couldn't advise you taking that heavy car of yours in there.

KYGER: I think I'll try it, if you'll please direct me.

JIM: Yes, of course, if you want to try it. Just take the highway to your right as you cross the creek and then turn left at every fork. You'll know the trail when you come to it all right.

KYGER: (CURTLY) Thank you. (FADING) Very kind of you, I'm sure.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

BESS: Well of all things! I wouldn't exactly call him polite.

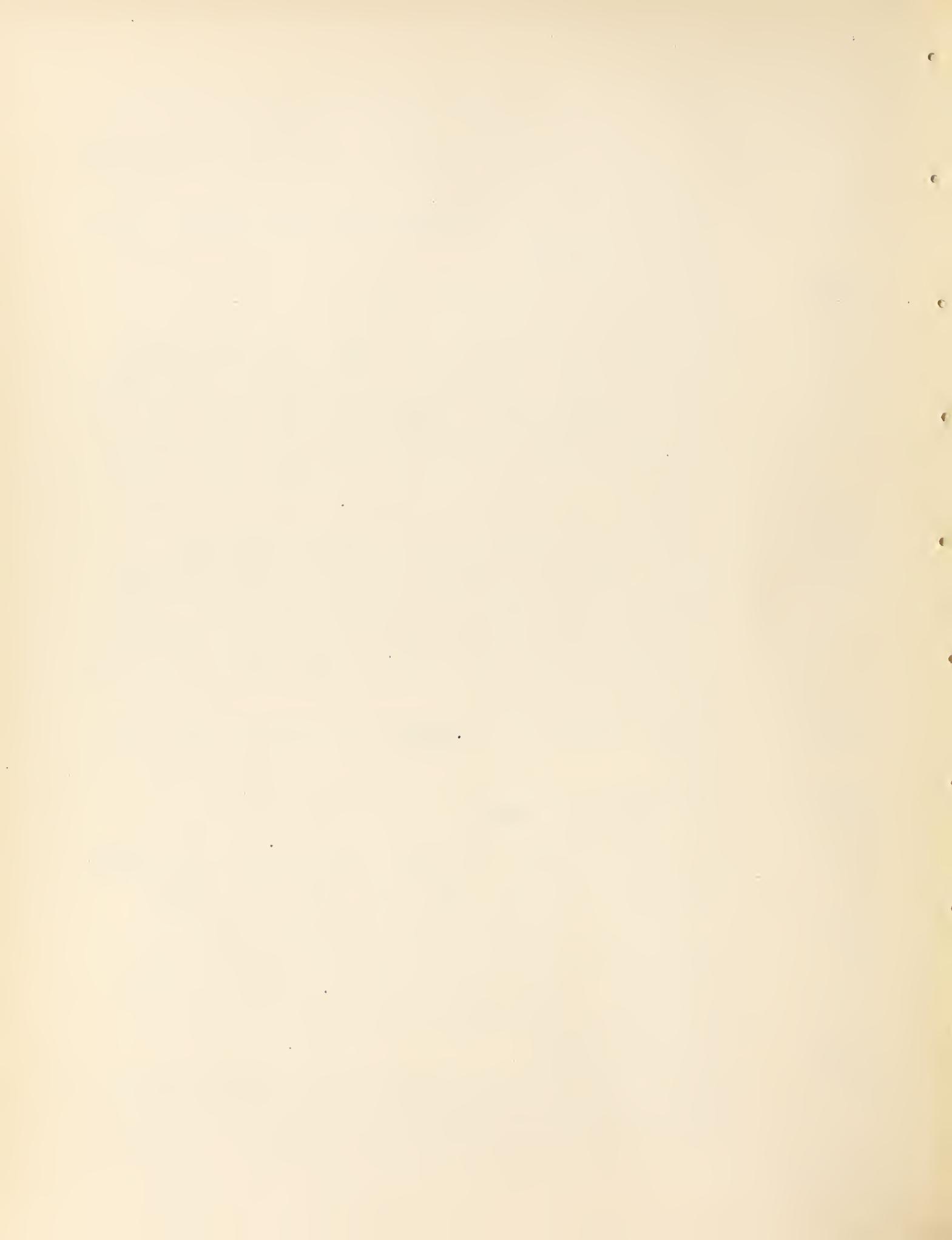
JIM: (CHUCKLING) He said "thank you", didn't he, Bess?

BESS: But the way he said it. Like a phonograph record.

JIM: (MEDITATING) Lookin' for a piece of land for a Dude Ranch, eh?.....I wonder.....

JERRY: What's that, Jim?

JIM: Jerry, if you were to set yourself up in Dude ranching would you pick the Benenza Basin country?



JERRY: How?...I should say not. Too inaccessible.

JIM: Nope. Might as well Dude ranch in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

BESS: What are you talkin' about, Jim Robbins?

JIM: Well, now I don't believe in prying into other people's business, but I don't think that fella Kyger is any more interested in a Dude ranch than you or me.

JERRY: He said he was a minin' engineer too, but you asked him if.....

BESS: Jim, you don't think he's another one of those people looking for the "Lost Mine" do you?

JERRY: The "Lost Mine"?

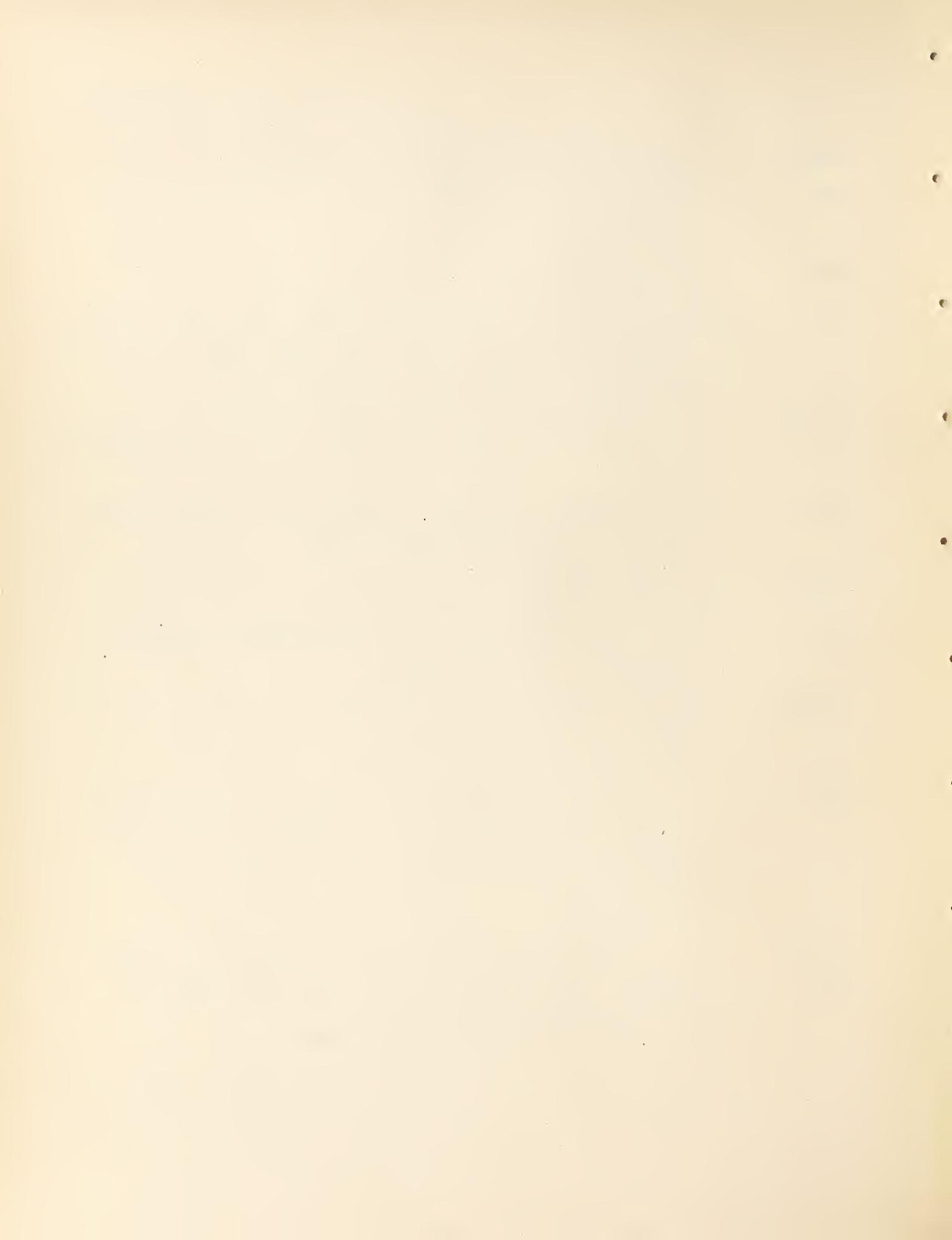
JIM: Yeah. Seems like every so often somebody turns up looking for the "Lost Mine".

JERRY: There's supposed to be some kind of a jinx or hoodoo about it, isn't there?

JIM: Well, there's stories like that get around about lots of mines, but it does seem that there's been a lot of tragedies come outa this hole in the ground up in Bonanza Basin.

JERRY: Do you think that's what Kyger is really after, Jim?

JIM: I dunno, Jerry. I reckon we'll find out sooner or later--Got the horses saddled, Jerry?



JERRY: Yea.

JIM: No, nothing like that, I guess--I think we'll never see  
Tom again. Right on the way up.

BESS: For goodness sake, what do you think you got there? You  
won't be honest!

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Sure am I, Beas. But I've always been a  
lucky man and Tom Super knows where abouts the "Lost  
Mine" from anybody around here.

JERRY: He used to be a sheep herder, didn't he?

JIM: Maybe he did other things, too. Everytime there's been  
somebody up here lookin' for the "Lost Mine", Tom seems  
to keep pretty good track of 'em. I'm kinda bankerin'  
to ask him a few questions. (FOLDING)

(INTERVAL: MUSIC)

SOUND: (CLATTER OF PLATES AND SILVER)

JIM: (FOLDING IN) Hello, Tom.

TOM: Hi, Jim. How ya doin'? Hi, quick!

JERRY: Hello, Tom.

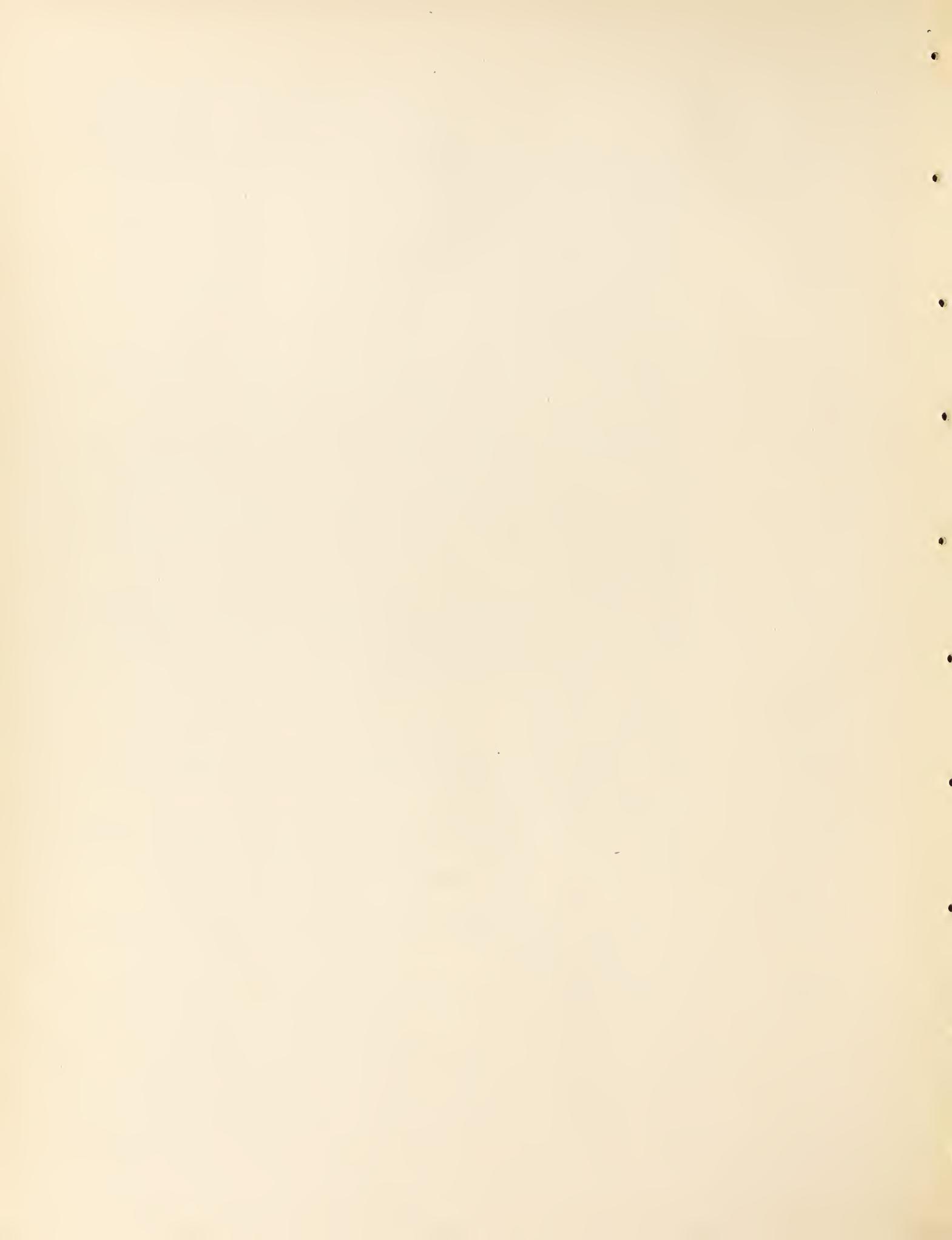
TOM: What'll you have?

JIM: We won't have time to eat, Tom. Sorry, we've kind of  
got the option and took at some sheep.

TOM: Are ya? That's my old stampin' ground. I was one of  
the first five trappers to get in there.



- 124 "That's what I was thinking. Did you ever say anything  
else about it, Tom?"  
 125 "Nothing, I can assure you."  
 126 "I am very interested in what you consider your  
best and worst features."  
 127 "I'm afraid you'll find the latter a little  
more difficult to talk of than the former, and you're  
(smiling) right, Tom, just as I am. I'm afraid I can't  
say it is. But seeing as nothing could be more  
true than I know, I mean, have a look at it. You make  
matters up,"  
 128 "Tom, you do it. That I'll tell you. But, in consequence  
there I didn't seem one way, neither; you can't make out  
in that event and come away either."  
 129 "Is that really?"  
 130 "Yes. Some like Justice and Justice in that other  
style you mentioned, Tom."  
 131 "Come down like Justice's kind of it? Look around her place,  
wouldn't there be, Tom, have you given yourself?"  
 132 "Not particularly, Tom, I didn't give myself away like  
that. I just... well..."  
 133 "I just sort."



TOM: Yap! And I had a fine little boy. Smardest little tyke you ever seen. She took him and she sold him. Ain't seen none nor hair of either of 'em since. I reckon she done right. I was always good off prospectin', an'----

JIM: But I thought you never did any prospecting.

TOM: Huh...well...you see...matter a fact, I did some, years ago. Strike a little pay dirt once, but went busted in a hurry. That's why I tak to these brandin'.

JIM: Oh, I see. Well, I guess we'll be leavin' early, Tom. Puttin' you ride up to the train.

TOM: Yes, Jim.

JIM: So long, Tom.

JERRY: Goodbye, Tom.

TOM: Bye again, Jerry. (FADING)

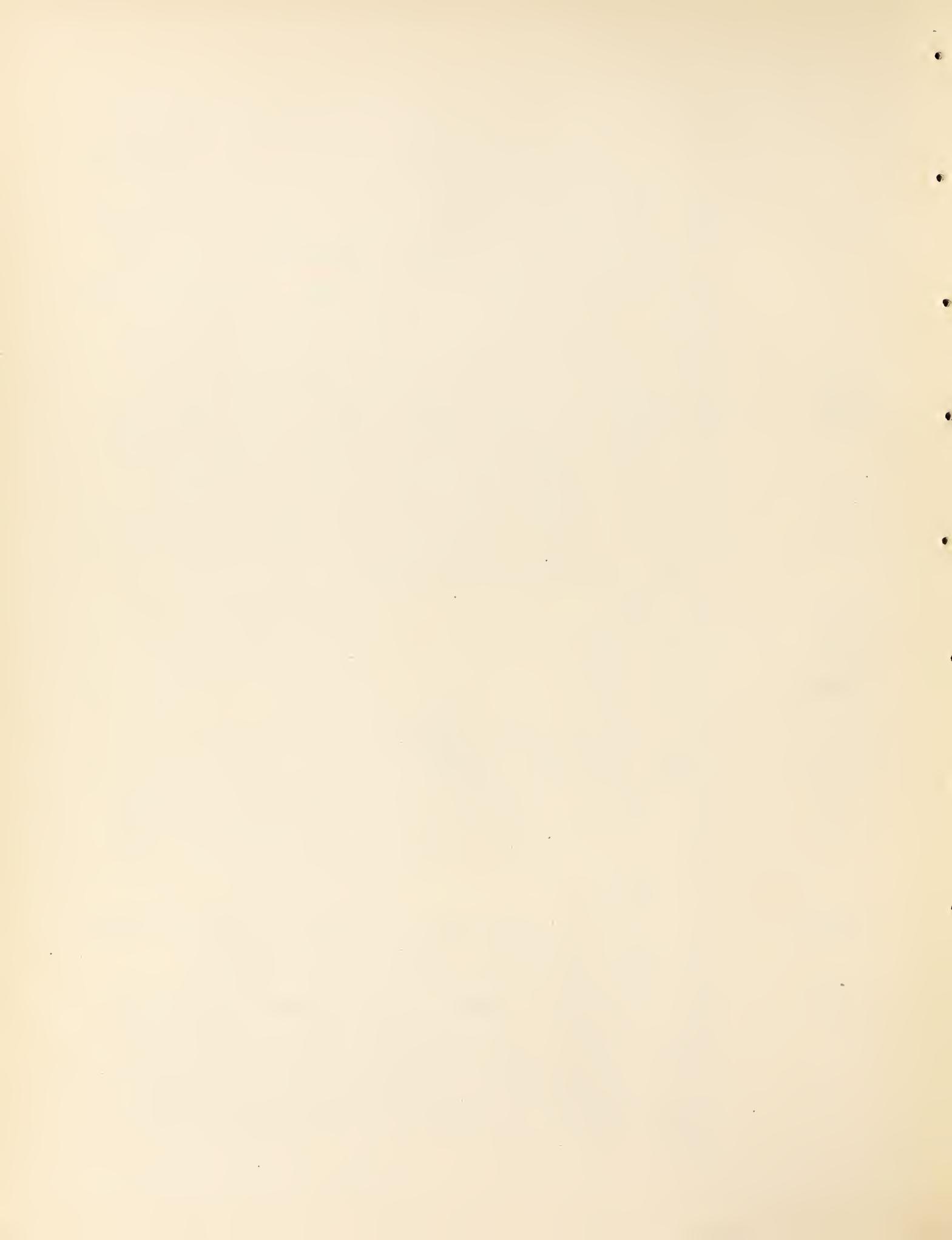
SOUND: (SCREEN DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

JIM: Well, Jerry, we didn't find out much about the 'Lost Mine', but I suspect old Tom knows more about it than he's lettin' on.

JERRY: Yuck. Did you notice how he slipped up and lied on he'd done some prospecting, after he said he hadn't.

JIM: Yep, I noticed. I also noticed how much that young dining engineer that stopped by the Station looks like old Tom...Same kind of expression around the eyes and mouth...Hummm....I suspect he didn't bustle along.

JERRY:



(INTERVAL: MUSIC)

SOUND: (HORSES HOOFs)

JIM: Well, only about half an hour, Jerry. We better keep right along.

JERRY: Yeah, it won't take us long, -- Goshop, Sparks.

JIM: Look, there's a car parked up there on the curve.

JERRY: He's parkin' pretty close to the edge of that road. If his brakes didn't hold he'd go over it for sure.

JIM: Doesn't that look like Kyger's car?

JERRY: By golly, it is. Looks like he's got a flat tire.

JIM: Whoa, Dolly!

JERRY: Whoa, Spark!

JIM: Hello, Kyger. havin' trouble?

SOUND: HOOFs STOP

KYGER: (FADING IN) Not at all. Had a puncture, but I've got it changed now. (FADING) Just have to get this jack out of here...

JERRY: Look out! The car's moving!

JIM: Flat tire, Jerry!

SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKE AND CRUNCH OF GRAVEL

JERRY: I got it!

JIM: Fine work, Jerry. Should have come over this road before. What's the matter, Kyger?



KYGER: (FADING IN) (EXCITEDLY) My wrist! The jerk stopped  
when the car started moving.

JIM: Say, that's a bad cut, Kyger. Get the first aid kit  
from the saddle bag, will you, Jerry.

JERRY: (FADING) Right.

KYGER: Hurry! It's -- it's bleeding badly--

JIM: Take it easy, pardner. The blood just squirted out so  
there's no artery cut.

KYGER: I'm afraid it is. Look at it!

JIM: Let's see it pardner---Hurry...

JERRY: (FADING IN) Heck, Jim. I'll get the iodine open.

JIM: Hold this pad of gauze on there, Kyger.

KYGER: Yes...But hurry, Jerry.

JIM: Here's the iodine. It'll burn some.

KYGER: Owl! That's enough!

JIM: We'll wrap some gauze around it and tape it. That'll  
keep it all right until you can get to a doctor.

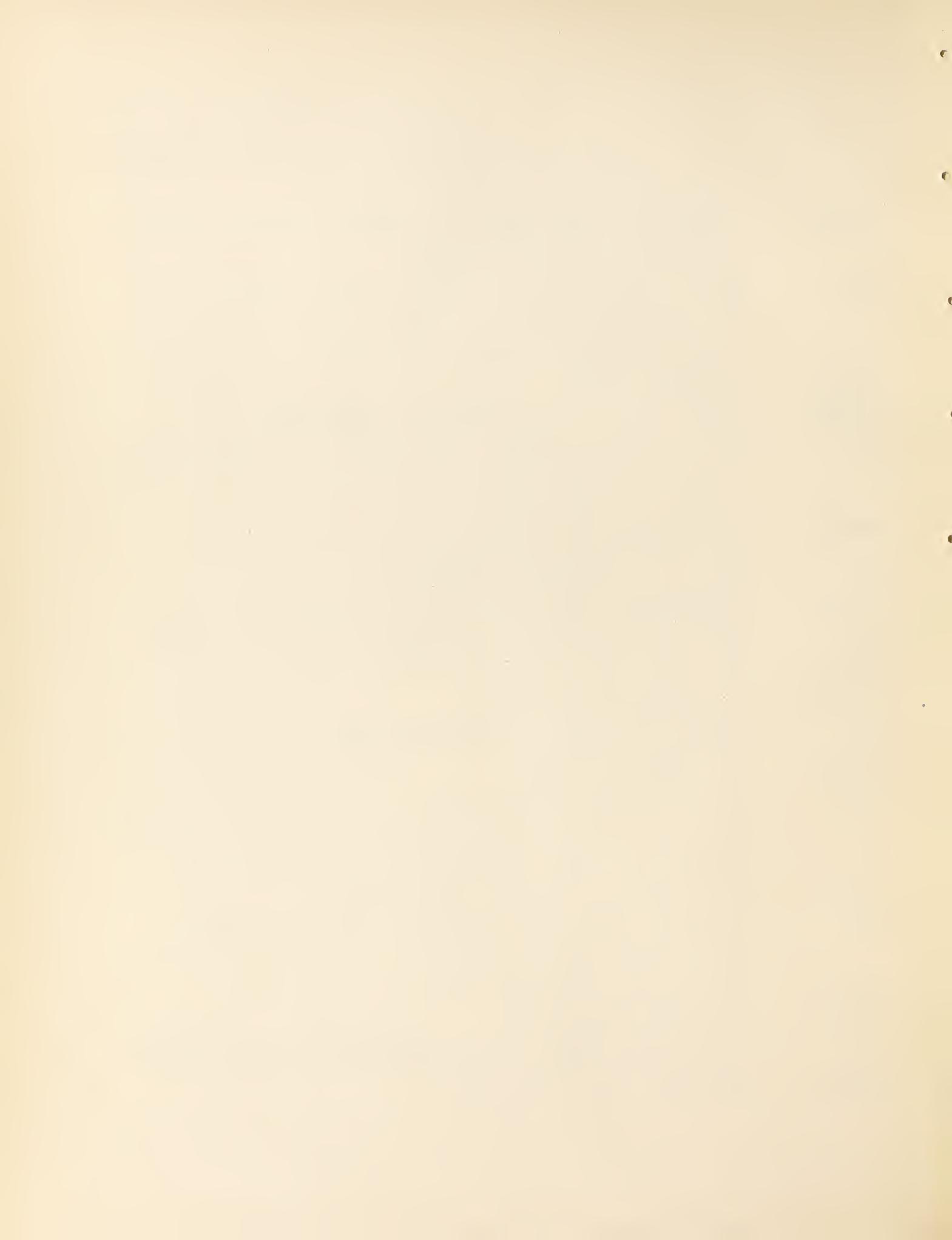
KYGER: But I've got to get to Pomanza Basin.

JIM: No Sir. You can't drive with that wrist, pardner.  
You'd better get to a doctor.

KYGER: But listen, I've.....

JIM: You'd better drive him back to Windain Creek, Jerry.

JERRY: But we've got to go up there...



JIM: I know. I'll go on down and find your horses, George. You take Mr. Kyger to the mess-thru, that you'll hold you till you get so down.

KYGER: (NOT SO IMPERIOUS) Thank you, very much. That's mighty good you of commanding.

JIM: I reckon it'll stay on. I'm afraid you're going to have to have some stitches taken in just right, though. How much do I owe you?

JIM: (LAUGHING) You've already paid me.

KYGER: And I won't take it.

JIM: You said "thank you" as if you meant it.

KYGER: (DEPRECATING LAUGH) But that's business... .

JIM: That's all us Forest Rangers expect when we help people out.

KYGER: But you've just saved my car from going over the grade and....and if you hadn't bandaged my wrist...Well.... Well I'm certainly grateful.

JIM: Mighty glad to do it.

KYGER: Well, thanks again...By George....this is sure tough luck. I've got to get over into Fortana Basin.

JIM: Better not try it today, MISTER. It's a bad enough trip without a lame wrist.

KYGER: But I've got to....



JIM: You seem much willing to get into the Badlands. I understand that Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers have many, I would say 100, miles.

KYGER: It isn't exactly Dad's Ranch, Jim...it's a matter of personal opinion.

JIM: Well, I thought you better let it slide somehow. Henry will get you back to the Doctor, I trust, all right.

LEERY: Yeah. Climb in, Mr. Kyger. I'll get you back in a jiffy.

(CAR DOOR SHUTS, START MOTOR)

KYGER: Well, thanks you, Ranger.

JIM: Okay. May we have a chance to help you again. You never can tell. So long.

LEERY: So long, Jim.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JIM: (AS MOTOR FADES) Nope, you never can tell, can you Dolly (she barks) especially do more hunting for the "Lucky Wheel," or not. I reckon that's things he's fond of, and I hope, good girl. Come Sparr.

(FADEOUT: SOUND OF HORSES HOOFs)

ANNOUNCER: The mystery of the Lost Mine. We've mentioned last that Pecanpot is up to next week. So tune in, folks. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

